
Title: Tattered Journal

Author: Khembryll Chavois

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A small leatherbound
journal covered in a
myriad of stains and
marks, it has a musty
aroma to it.

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Subjects

We hath taken stock of
one more shipment
o'prisoners from t' village
of Lakeshire. Damned
Orcs art good for little,
but alas we need them
for now!

T'would be of little good
for the villagers to see
who'rt behind their strife,
methinks...

Fools, all and one.
None shall cast me aside
as a madman, or a
"danger" ... nay, they shall
learn! They shall learn.

Incompetence!

That insufferable fool of
an apprentice broke one
of my flasks today! He
claimed he slipped 'pon
the floor ... Methinks he
is trying to ruin my
work ... He was always
craftier than he e'er let
on.

I shalt watch him like the
hawk - if he doth such
ag'in, he life wilt be
forfeit to me in payment.

Mayhaps he shalt die on
the trek to the Gargolye
City to purchase another
... small mercies indeed.

*an old brown stain
marks the parchment
here*
By the Guardian!

T'is working - I can feel
it! Those wretches from
the City of Trees are
showin' the signs! T'were
that they were dead by
now, but no.
The men seem to be the
first to show the
symptoms; hacking coughs,
sweating and headaches.

Could it be that I hath
stumbled o'er the key
t'success by accident?
Oh, what irony if t'were
such!

*from what you can
make out, the author
has drawn an image of
one of his victims*
Meeting:

I met with the Dark
Stranger ag'in this very
morning ... Chills my
bones, no man should be
able to look into anothers
soul as he does...
But! Journal, he art
most pleased with my
progress, indeed! He
agreed that the symptoms
the subjects art showing
match the ones he
remembers ... My payment
... Oh my payment!
How wealthy a man I
shalt be, how unconcerned
by the peasants how rush
around my feet - t'is
what I deserve!

*a thumbprint smudges
the ink*

The villagers had the guile

to follow the Orcs! My
laboratory was made
known to them, and now I
flee for my life! I hath
nothing but my journal
and one vial of the
plague, I must be careful
now. So careful.

I shalt head West, try
to seek refuge in the
swamplands of Nox Tereg.

T'is two days journey
along the Prin River to
the bridges of Mistas...

I shall write when I can
afford to rest. I flee
for my life.

Mistas:

I am camped by the
southern most bridge, I
place my would-be
attackers at a day behind
me ... I hath been most
careful, no tracks.
Travel at night, and avoid
the roads. I shalt try
to catch some fish, I
haven't eaten since leaving
my laboratory.

Damn those FOOLS!

Midnight:

Blast! I am wounded by
some unseen arrow!
T'were my attackers, I
know! They dare wound
ME!?

Nearing Honesty ...
bleeding badly, they must
hath used a venomous
arrow...

Weakness:

I shall last no longer, my
time is finished here ... I
hath failed the Stranger,
and myself.

blood stains the page

I shalt hide mine satchel
and this book in the
hollow of this tree ...
pray the someone of my
ilk finds it ... perhaps my
apprentice...

So...cold now...

Voices? Real? I know
not... Mages! Words of
power! Cold ... cold ...
cold.

*the journal ends here,
though you notice that
several pages have been
ripped out*